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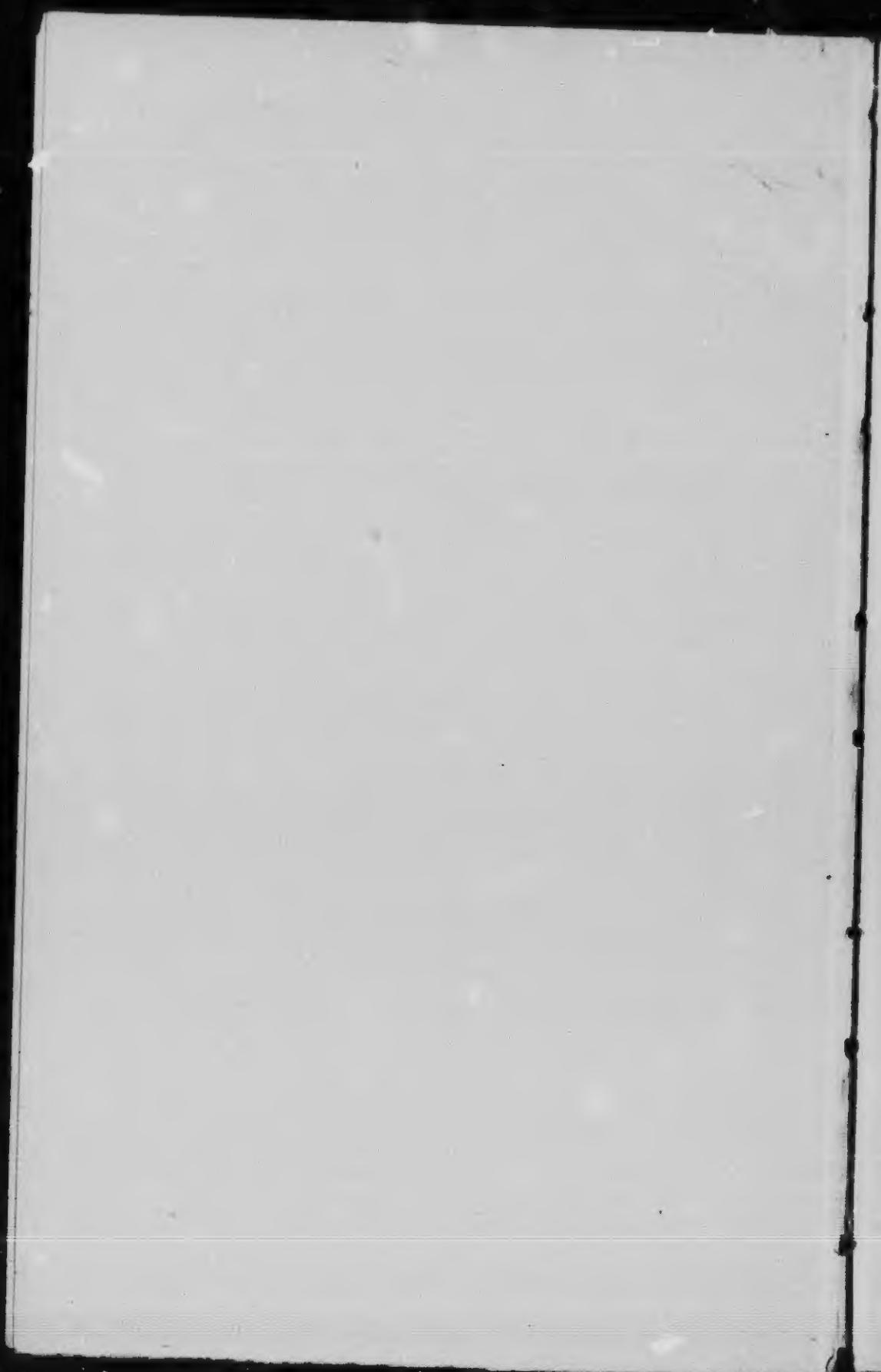
May 9 Roberts
with love from
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July 17th 1906.

Edith B. B. Roberts





DREAM VERSES, AND OTHERS



Dream Verses AND OTHERS

By

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



Toronto
The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.
1906

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TO

S. A. R. M. D.



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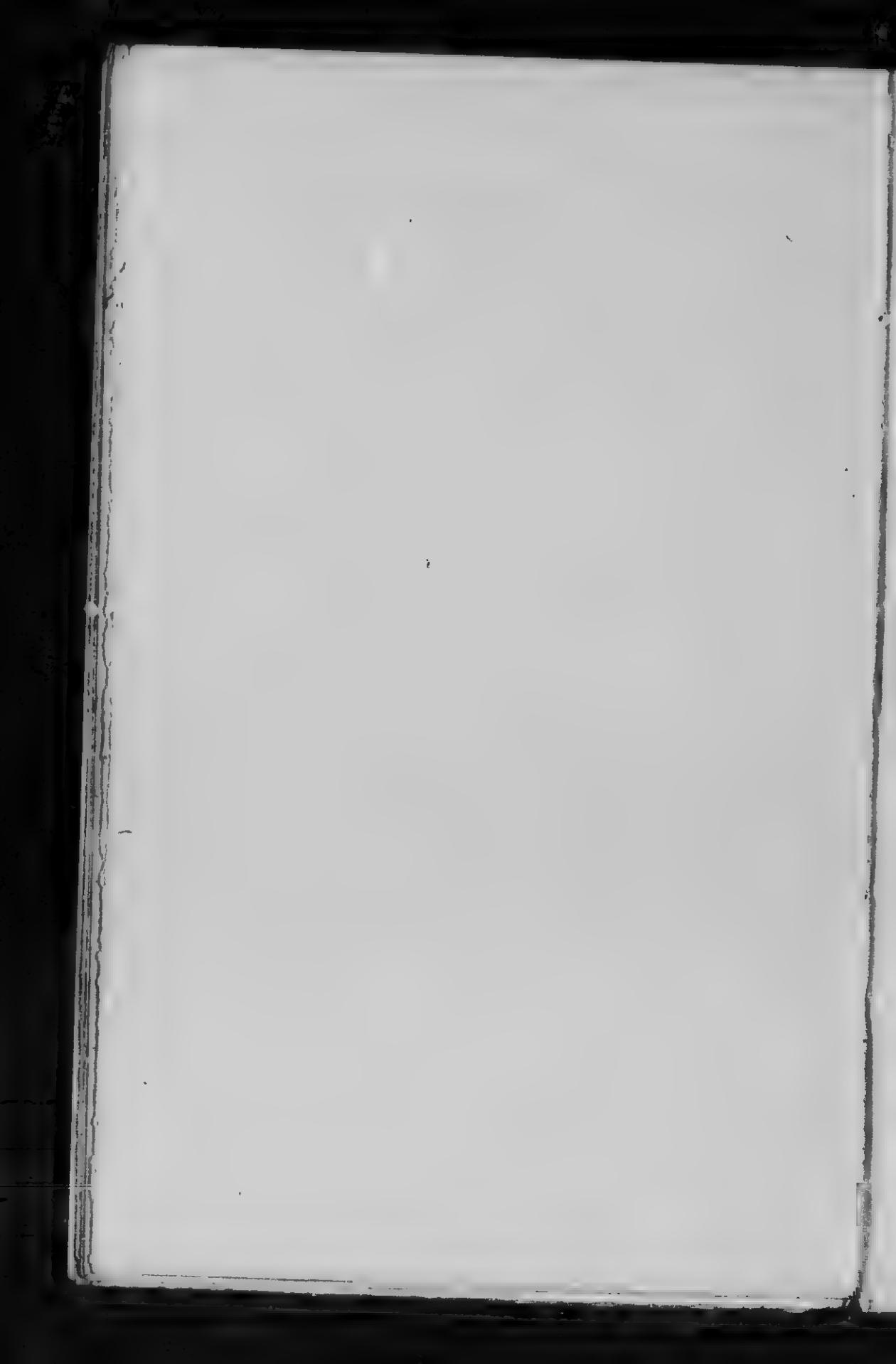
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PART I.



DREAM VERSES AND OTHERS

IN DREAM'S DOMAIN

To some green table-land, beyond our sight
When daytime clips the wings of fancy's flight,
I came in cool enchanted hours of night.

In that glad world of dream Time cannot reach,
Where true hearts answer truly, each to each,
And glance or touch can utter more than speech,

With hand held fast in hand along the green
Dim road we ran, through drifted shade and
sheen,

IN DREAM'S DOMAIN

While fresh winds sang our laughing words
between.

It seemed that so for ever we could run,—
That all the tangled web of days was spun
And life and youth immortal were begun.

Dream strange and dear, how often in the
throng
And stress of duties, like a breath of song
Your memory has returned to make me strong !

DREAMHURST

My dream-house fronts the land of hope and
dawn;

Green fields slope round it, forests guard it
close,

Rich skies bend over it, and at its back
What sunsets glimmer like the gates of Heaven !
I fain would let you see it, Dear my Friend,
This long low house, the very heart of home,—
Yet all my words must fail to give its charm.
Some time, some perfect hour, I think will
come

When I shall take your hand and lead you so,
Most gladly welcomed, through the dream-land
door.

Till then, I bring you what report I may.

DREAMHURST

At one end, toward the darkling hemlock woods,

My garden stretches; here are old-time flowers, Monk's-hood and bleeding-heart, forget-me-not;

Pink musk and meadow-sweet, and many more From childhood loved, with other stranger blooms

Whose names I know not yet,—and by the

~~gate~~

The dear Blue Rose of magic memories

A rowan-tree, red-berried, canopies

One corner; maples spread their leafy tents, And foreign flowering shrubs lift fairy lamps Of bloom and fruitage through the greenery.

(Ah, Love, these quiet paths, this garden ground,

I long to lead you through.)

DREAMHURST

In front, my house
Is sentinelled by lilacs, in whose shade
The lilies of the valley droop their bells,
While toward the road the grassy field dips
down,
And out beyond stretch hill and vale and wood
In wide and varying prospect. Standing here
Beside my door, I watch the moonlight wake
The earth with longing such as music brings.

So, dear one, when you come in dreams at last,
May moonlight blend with sunset in the sky
And all the air be sweet with lilac-bloom !

THE QUIET LAND

Into the land of sleep
Slowly, when sinks the sun,
Out of the garish streets of day
We wander, one by one.

Here are the hopes that drooped
Seeming to fail in the strife ;
Now in our eyes they gaze and smile
With word of endless life.

Here are the homes we planned, —
Cottage, palace, and hall,
Waiting the tread of our welcome feet
Behind the dream-built wall.

THE QUIET LAND

Out of the streets of day
Slowly, when sinks the sun,
Into the quiet land of sleep
We wander, one by one.

THE DREAM-WINDS

Out of the dusk the dream-winds blow,—
And starry hopes and rushing wings
And angel faces, row on row,

And golden, unforgotten days,
Rich Autumns, faintly-smiling Springs,
Old tunes, and tender childhood ways,

Come near to touch our lips with song,
Our troubled hearts to heal with peace,
Till home reawakens clear and strong.

Kind arms of slumber wrap us round,
The day's harsh echoes sink and cease,—
And soft and low the dream-winds sound.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD

Far in the height of the hills
Toward the setting sun
Nestle the homes our hearts shall reach
When the long day's work is done,—
In the height of the hills of dream
They wait till the hills are won.

Sometimes, when Love makes clear
Life's inner vision fine,
Or music breathes its word
Of mystery half-divine,
Suddenly, out of the dusk,
We see their windows shine.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD

There, when the setting sun
The spirit with wonder fills,
When the good day's work is ended
And the voice of welcome thrills,
We shall come to their shelter safe
Far in the height of the hills.

THE HOUSE

My dear house, my brown house,
Set round with living green,
Like a nest among the branches
Your loveliness is seen ;
Around your fairy casements
Pink roses climb and fall, —
Yet, oh my heart, the dream-house
Is best beloved of all.

My dear house, my brown house,
How good, when day is done,
In your shelter safe enfolded
To feel that rest is won ;
Within your walls how softly
Slumber and silence fall, —
Yet in our hearts the dream-house
Is best beloved of all !

POPPIES

When all the world was white with snow,
I dreamed of poppies, row on row,
Breaking the white with crimson glow.

So blooms, I thought, the red of love
Richly, life's frozen wastes above,
Breaking the bitter spell thereof!

AN INVOCATION

Oh strong white angel, Sleep,
Thou pitiful-eyed and strong,
From those far fields of song
On merciful pinions sweep ;
Come, for the hours are long !

Come, for the cares of day
With mocking faces stand ;
Save with thy mother-hand
From bitter eyes that slay ;
Lead to the dear Dream-Land.

Brush with thy bough of balm
The forehead tense with pain ;
Bring to the burning brain

AN INVOCATION

Soothing and hush and calm
And youth's high hopes again.

Bring to the hungry heart
The one, the dearest smile,
Then for a sacred while
Set love from grief apart
In some uncharted isle.

Come, for the hours are dark,
The solid blackness lies
A weight across our eyes ;
In the skies there gleams no spark,
No hope in the heavy skies.

See how we wait with tears,
While the heart on Memory's quest
Goes back and cannot rest
Seeking the vanished years
And childhood's valley blest.

AN INVOCATION

Comfort to those that weep
Bring with thy mother-hand ;
Safely our spirits keep ;
Oh strong white angel, Sleep,
Lead to the dear Dream-Land !

YOUNG DELIGHT

Wakes the Springtime in the woodland,
Lightly laughs the blithe cascade,
Deep the azure dreams above us,
All the world for hope is made ; —
Dearest, Dearest,
Might the feet of Time be stayed !

Breaks the maple into blushes,
Calls the robin silver-sweet ;
Far within the forest-bushes
Makes the snow its last retreat ;
Gleams the river
Flinging off its winding-sheet.

YOUNG DELIGHT

Love can keep his April fervour,
Keep his youth in Time's despite ;
Love's no changing season-server, —
Nay, he mocks the years to flight ;
Heart of Springtime,
Hold we fast our young delight !

FORETELLINGS

Wild warm wind from far-off countries calling,
Spring wakes and cries in every longing note !
What though we know the snow will yet be
falling, —
Snows soon shall change to cherry-blooms
afloat.

Wild sweet dream, from lands uncharted given,
Whispering love too deep to fade or fail,
Refuge and rest for hearts that long have
striven, —
Dost thou foretell a joy that shall prevail ?

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

Joy sways the wind, the Summer wind,
Joy lights the fires of dawn,
And wings the happy feet that glide
Along the velvet lawn.

(For Love has come to bide with us
And never pass away;
What matters storm or shine to us
If only Love may stay!)

A clearer gold the lily wears,
The rose a richer hue,
The skies their benediction breathe
From depths of burning blue.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

The hillside pastures, softly green,
Lie dreaming in the sun;
Their brooks with tinkling laughter light
Toward the river run.

And past the banks where willows gnarled
Their ancient vigil keep
The drowsy river slowly drifts
And murmurs in its sleep.

Ah sweet the wind, and glad the light,
And amber-deep the shade;
On hill and stream and city street
The spell of Joy is laid.

(For Love has come to bide with us
And never pass away;
What matters storm or shine to us
If only Love may stay!)

A SONG OF JUNE

When the days are long and lovely
And the cinnamon rose in bloom,
When the magic twilight hour
Is rich with purple gloom,
Youth's deathless dream
Comes and will not depart,
And the sweet hopes of childhood
Are kindled in the heart.

When the paths in the quiet garden
Are shaded with elm and vine,
When the dusk is hushed and holy,
And moonlight half-divine,
Thoughts sweet as June
In the weary brain upstart,
And love, love like a tide
Rises and fills the heart.

IN AUGUST'S GLARE

Could we but call them back,—
The scented hours of Spring,
When love was holy awe
And thought took lyric wing,
When the skies were full of dream,
And the winds of sweet desire,
When night was a purple tent,
And dawn a sacred fire.

The blinding heat, the dust,
The mid-noon shadowless glare,
Would they could pass and change
To June's soft healing air;

IN AUGUST'S GLARE

And the heavy hearts that creep
Through hours of sordid strife,—
Oh, for a breath of youth
To stir them back to life !

THE SUMMONS

The wind voice calls and calls you ;
Heart of the woods, return !
The little paths remember,
Lonely among the fern.

The Autumn fields await you,
Soul of my song, Hilaire ;
Their purple pennons signal,
Their golden banners flare.

The solemn sunset gladness
Like some great organ's roll,
The moonlight's white enchantment
Awakening the soul :—

THE SUMMONS

They call you home to Dreamhurst
Out of the world's great glare;
Your woods and I are waiting,
Heart of my heart, Hilaire!

THOUGH SEASONS PASS

The red vine sways in the chill sweet wind ; —
(Summer must die, must die !)
White cloud-masses are driven and thinned
Over an azure sky ;
Goldenrod by the roadside gleams,
And asters nod by the narrowed streams,
For the year is drifting by.

With magic colour the forest glows
Fit for a pageant fair,
Gold and scarlet, ruby and rose,
Bright as a bugle's blare ;
Sky and river and woodland shine, —
But chill is the wind that sways the vine,
And the frost no bloom shall spare.

THOUGH SEASONS PASS

The dark days come and the bitter chill ;
Whispers the wood, " Good night ; "
Winter lurks by the lonely hill
Wrapped in his robe of white ;
Soon, ah, soon, he shall banish far
Forest-beacon and blossom-star, —
But a dream defies his might !

WHEN FADES THE YEAR

Dearest, how many a thing
We learn as the swift years go,
How proudly we talk and sing
Of all that there is to know.

And the world will go on and on
And grand new truths be learned,
When we are dead and gone,
To dust our bodies turned.

Think of it, Love, to dust,—
Hands that have clasped and clung,
Eyes that have looked their trust,
Lips that have smiled and sung;



WHEN FADES THE YEAR

Withered and wasted and gone,
Swallowed up of the night ;
Eyes that were clear as dawn,
Lips that were true as light ;

Cheeks where the burning tear
And the blush of joy have spread,
Hearts that have held life dear, —
All shall be stilled and dead.

Heart of my heart, be true !
Strange how this Autumn day
Searches my spirit through
With its word that nought can stay.

Nought ? Yea, the one great Love
That has thought and framed us all,
That is near us, beneath, above,
That is given us past recall.

WHEN FADES THE YEAR

Dearest, remembering this,
Why should we dread death's night ?
If our love be born of His
It must surely reach the Light !

THE FIRE OF THE FROST

Now's the time of shortening day,
Purple mist behind the wood,
Golden elm and crimson vine,
Visions, longings half-divine,
Hopes not understood.

Something that the frost foretells,
Something that the woods forebode,
Waits us where the sumach looms
Rich in glories and in glooms
Down the dreamy road.

Shall we seek it, oh my dear,
Hand in hand along the way,
Following down this Autumn trail

THE FIRE OF THE FROST

Through the daisies purple-pale,
Past the gates of day ?

All the aureole-coloured air
Shines around us pure and deep ;
Crowds of yellowing scented fern
Bound the path at every turn,
Nodding, half-asleep.

On the mossy knolls a few
Faded leaves are crisp and curled ;
Here a violet, strayed from Spring,
Sheds its blueness, marvelling,
On an altered world.

Love, these hours of Autumn charm,
Purple shadow, topaz light,
In our memory's wonder-hall
Rich enchantment shall recall
When the woods are white !

AN AUTUMN LEAF

My heart is like a golden leaf
This Autumn wind has found
And blown across a dreamland wall
To some enchanted ground.

THOUGH WHITE DRIFTS BAR THE DOOR

Let the blue streams of Summer
Go singing down my rhyme,
The little rapids clamour,
The silver shallows chime ;

Let the soft sound of poplars
That whisper all day long,
The solemn croon of pine-trees,
The thrush's evening song,

Make music by my hearth-side
Where the dark shadows loom,
And one dear face beside me
Lean nearer through the gloom.

WHITE DRIFTS BAR THE DOOR

Then the wild storms may rage
From some forsaken shore, —
Love has come in with Winter
Though white drifts bar the door !

S N O W

Like fairy mist, without a sound,
The white seclusion wraps us round
In isolation sweet, profound.

The old familiar landmarks pass
As faces from a looking-glass,
As dew the sun lifts off the grass ;

And childhood memories awake,
A dream for every starry flake,
And hopes no stress of frost may break.

The world fades out ; how trivial show
Its empty joys, its hollow woe,
Beside this vision of the snow !

WHITE MAGIC

The snow-swirl shuts us in,
Close to our windows blown;
This old red house becomes
An island all our own.

An island walled with storm,
Where rosy camp-fires gleam,
Where in the twilight groves
We pitch the tents of dream.

The wind shrieks past the pane
And down the chimney cries;
The gathering darkness holds
The light of absent eyes.

WHITE MAGIC

Glad laughter and the voice
Of unforgotten song
From the far shadowed shores
And windy meadows throng.

Across the mist of years
They come, and in their smile
The long and eager waiting
Is but a little while.

Let the white cloud go by,
The bitter winds complain;
Beside the fire we sing
Our island songs again.

WHEN WOODS ARE WHITE

The woods are wrapped in whirling white,
The wind-voice calls from height to height;

Soft drifts across the pastures sweep,
The lovely paths are buried deep;

And where there waved the blossoming vine
Only the ghostly frost-flowers shine:

But in our hearts, in spite of storm,
Love's fairy fire burns clear and warm,

And round our eaves the dream-winds blow, —
Though all the woods are wrapped in snow.

NOEL-TIDE

Oh, Christmas wind, blow round the world,
Blow out the bitter fires of hate,
Flaunt the white flag of love unfurled
From every golden gate.

Shine, Christmas dawn, and break the gloom
Of sordid greed, of soulless might,
In every hearth as in a room
The sacred hearth-fire light.

Call, Christmas voices, wake and call;
Glad bells, the jubilant message shout;
In every soul break down the wall
That shuts the Christ-child out.

SURSUM CORDA

When Christmas blossoms like a rose
Of ruddy splendour set in snows,
When children's voices sweet and shrill
Uplift the tidings: "Peace, Good-will,"
And bells with rich sonorous notes
Give greeting mild from brazen throats,
When happy folk with dancing feet
Glad time to Christmas music beat,
And old, old hopes and childhood-dreams
Wake softly where the Yule log gleams, —
Oh, sorrowing ones, awhile forget
The bitter tears, the vain regret,
And lift your hearts to Him who smiled
So long ago, on earth, a child.

OLD FRIENDS, OLD WAYS

Old friends, old hopes for Christmas,
And the dreams of days gone by !
Hark how the bells are clanging
Beneath the frosty sky ;
The world is full of gladness,
Greeting and clasp and song,
And in our hearts a music wakes
That has been silent long.

Old ways, old words for Christmas,
And the love that knows no bar
Though some true hearts are near us
And some are scattered far ;

OLD FRIENDS, OLD WAYS

The world is full of partings, —
But space and time are vain
To blur the glass that memory holds
When Yule-tide comes again !

TERRA BEATA

Land where our love and longing
Lead us by ways of pain,
Climbing the storm-swept mountain,
Crossing the bitter plain ;

Hills of the purple distance,
Home of the sunset's fire,
When shall we win thy haven,
Land of our hearts' desire !

Who at the gate shall meet us ?
Ah, how the swift feet throng.
Surely there will be silence
Before that burst of song.

TERRA BEATA

Though all the way grows steeper,
Strong is the guiding hand ;
Love, lead us onward, upward,
Safe to the longed-for Land !

THE PARTING HOUR

When the great darkness wraps us round
And watching anguished faces fade,
When we drift helpless from the bound
Of clinging arms about us laid,—

Lend us, oh lend us, Lord of Death,
Strong aid in that most bitter hour
When earth reclaims her dower.

Oh show us, through the parting pain,
Across the dusk of severing years,
Those dearest hands in ours again,
Those eyes where Love wipes off the
tears,—

THE PARTING HOUR

Enlighten, strengthen, Lord of Life,
Lest, when the dread command goes out,
Our spirits pass in doubt.

THE ONE UNCHANGING

When all the weight of all the world's despair,
All sobs that ever shook the midnight air,
 Press heavily against the labouring heart
And death and pain loom darkly everywhere;

When one great grief brings home all other
 grief,
And careless joy is driven like a leaf
 Before the wind of bitterness and tears,
While far behind fades sunshine all too brief;

Then, then how small the things that yesterday
Had power to move with gladness or dismay,—
 Love, only Love, maintains his fixed estate
In that dark hour that severs soul from clay.

TRUST

Out of the shadow of death,
Out of the prison of pain,
Brought to the house of life
And the paths of joy again,
What has the soul to tell
That has tasted Heaven and Hell ?
Is it worth, is it worth the while,
Or is it all in vain ?

And the soul made swift reply ;
“ In spite of pain and tears
Life shall fulfil its promise
And Love redeem the years ! ”

TRUST

What of the whisper of God
Heard at the tempest's height?
What of the star of hope
Seen in the deepest night?
Is there ever a goal
For the striving eager soul,
Or is the One who blesses
Also the One to smite?

And the soul made swift reply:
"He who is Love Supreme
Shall conquer death and anguish,
And the heart attain its dream."

A SONG OF THANKS

For the gladness life has brought,
For the beauties passing thought,
For the song, the dream, the quest,
Dawn's clear impu'se, evening's rest ;

For the lure of Spring that wakes
When the frost's dark barrier breaks,
For the magic voice that calls
Over Summer's viewless walls ;

For the memories deeply dear
Passing time but leaves more clear,
For the friendship strong and fine,
For the faith that proves us Thine ; —

A SONG OF THANKS

Lord of gladness, hope, and dream,
Shadowing cloud and wakening gleam,
Thee we praise, who dost renew
Love's white fire the long years through.

THE DESERTED GARDEN

In the lonely garden
Yellow lilies blow,
And the small white roses,
Globes of perfumed snow;

O'er the bower deserted
Climbs the blossoming vine;
Wheré are they whose footsteps
Made the paths divine?

Every leaf of lilac,
Every frond of fern,
Whispers at my passing:
“They shall not return.”

THE DESERTED GARDEN

All the deep June evenings,
All the purple hours,
Mourn a vanished gladness
Here among the flowers.

Down these garden places
Would the Summer come
Now no more to haunt me
With its heart of flame !

MID-WINTER

Would it were not a dream, but Springtime
really here, —

Not only these tender skies, misty with dove-
like blue,

Not only this vernal air breaking the heart of
the year,

And this magic hint and whisper, old and
yet ever new, —

Ah, not only these, but the sound of wakened
streams,

The brown birds wild with song, the maples
blossomed fair,

Silver catkin-flags a-wave where the river gleams,
And the deep, deep woods rejoicing — and
my hand in yours, Hilaire !

IN MY GARDEN

To my garden, oh my garden,
When the soft wind blows,
Come the beauty and the vision
That the dreamer knows ;
Blooms the rose of vanished summers,
Wakes the lure of days to be ;
Hope and love and memory's passion
Breathe from flower and tree :
In my garden, oh my garden,
When the soft wind blows.

Here upon the breeze the lilac
All its sweet bestows,
Here in shadowed nooks the fairy
Pink linnæa grows ;

IN MY GARDEN

Honeysuckle droops its riches
Over every bower and wall,
And the hush of azure heavens
Broods above it all :
In my garden, oh my garden,
When the soft wind blows.

LILACS

When the lilac-blooms again
Wake the memories that have lain
Sleeping only, never slain,

Then the garden places throng
With the footsteps vanished long,
Youth's clear laughter, childhood's song,

Thoughts that answered swift our own,
Voices in whose tender tone
Harsher note was never known.

All our unforgotten, dear
Shades of many a priceless year
Down the quiet paths draw near.

L I L A C S

Oh the garden, loved of old,—
How its memories manifold
Wake when lilac-buds unfold !

THE GATES OF GOLD

The stormy gold of sunset
Burned low behind the trees,
The blue-gray clouds rushed over
Like wind-swept argosies.

The gates of Heaven were opened,
And in that moment's gleam
Shone peace past understanding
And love beyond a dream.

NIGHT

The whispering wind around my eaves
Its Merlin-charm of magic weaves ;
I hear the secrets of the leaves ;

Blown from the forest's spacious gloom,
Vision and song and purple bloom,
Dream windflowers, light the dusky room ;

And from that world, so near, so far,
Where all our hopes and memories are,
One white face glimmers like a star.

THE HOUSE OF BOUGHS (TO M. S. P.)

In green Acadian woods one day
We built of boughs a fragrant home ;
As glad as children are at play.

We draped the walls with mosses gray,
But left the mighty sky for dome,
In green Acadian woods that day.

Shall we return that shadowy way
To tread the mossy forest loam
In green Acadian woods some day ?

I knew what dreams too dear to say
In your deep heart had found a home, —
Glad, not as children are at play.

THE HOUSE OF BOUGHS

The world might go if love would stay;
Our play-house had the sky for dome
In green Acadian woods that day
When Heaven and Earth were ours, in play.

THE SIGNAL-SMOKES

Among the frozen woods, the lonely hills,
The golden Summer fires are still alight ;
Ah Love, they lure us out, their signal-smokes
Are purple on the height.

What matter, all the Winter's bitterness,
Harsh winds that buffet, sullen frosts that
slay ?

The folk of dream have lit the beacon-fires,
The heart of hope holds sway.

What voices call, what visions manifold,—
The comrade hearts, the camp above the
shore,

THE SIGNAL-SMOKES

The starlight on the water, and the clasp
Of hands we hold no more.

Through the white storm we see them, still our
own ; —

Love, let us go, though vision droop and
tire :

They wait us at the turning of the road,
The tents of our desire.

GLOAMING

Dear Heart, the hours have been so long
That day has kept you far from me,
But now the gloaming brings you back,
The home-kiss sets you free.

So tired? Then lay your hand in mine
And we will wander, singing low,
To sunset fields beyond the day
By paths the dream-led know.

We'll rest beneath the slumber-tree
Whose branches shine with starry flame;
We'll hear the grasses whispering
And call the winds by name.

GLOAMING

We'll climb the hemlock-sheltered hill
Where once the frost-king's palace stood,
And pluck the dear Blue Rose of dreams
Beside the magic wood.

Dear Heart, the hours will not be long
The while we wander, singing low,
To fairy fields beyond the day
By paths the dream-led know.

BY THE RIVER

Over the river wandering
A wind came fraught with dream;
It bent the gray shore-willows,
And tipped the waves with cream.

Out of a land of mystery
To this grave earth it came,
And in my heart the music
Of youth leapt up like flame.

ARDEN

What will I seek in Arden ?

Rich sleep to wrap me round,
Soft fold on fold of slumber
Unstirred by any sound ;

And then, when soul and body
Are soothed and strong and clear,
A waking sweet as sunrise
In the Spring-time of the year.

QUIETUDE

The grasses bent and whispered,
The scented wind sighed low,
The blue sky-fields above us
Were heaped with drifts like snow,
And dream-deep, where cares sleep,
We let the moments go.

Our hearts were filled with gladness,
For Nature's tender hand
Had beckoned us and led us
Across the low green land,
And wind-song and stream-song
Were ours to understand.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

The voice of the wind has spoken; has not
your spirit heard?

Out of the night a whisper, out of the dusk a
word.

Once, it seemed to be sorrow only its crooning
told,

Sorrow and helpless longing and memories
manifold.

But now when I wake and listen I hear a love-
lier strain,

A crying of "Rise and follow; the quest shall
not be vain!"

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

A murmur of "Trust and conquer; dearer than
words can tell
Is the answer that waits our longing, in the
Land where all is well."

So when the wind comes calling by night about
your eaves
Say not that always, only, for some lost hope it
grieves,

But hear the whispered tidings of countries
Love has known,
And catch, beneath the sighing, joy's endless
undertone.

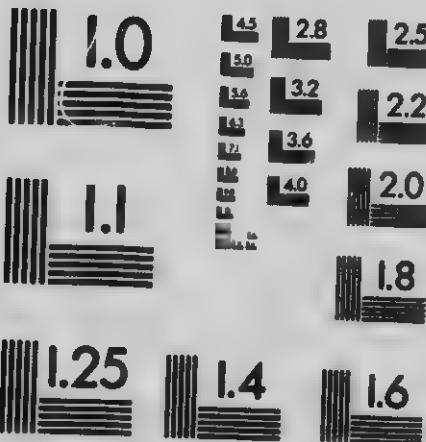
DAMARIS

Vague as a half-remembered dream
Her shadowy presence passes,
And gentle as the Summer wind
That breathes among the grasses,
Yet ah, what thoughts awaken
And what old hopes return,
When Damaris goes singing
Among the upland fern.

Her voice is like the sighing
Of cedars on the height,
Her eyes have caught the glamour
Of the moon's mysterious light ;
And ah, what thoughts awaken
And what old hopes return,
When Damaris goes singing
Among the upland fern.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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JULIANA HORATIA EWING

White face, with that down-droop we love so well,

And all that weight of golden hair for crown,
You glimmered, a clear fine star of genius, once
Through these dear streets, this quiet Canadian town;

Then England took you home; too soon, too soon,

Beyond love's sight the fair tired head was laid,

Among the pale prophetic flowers of Spring
In English yew-tree shade.

How many a soul you gladdened as you climbed
With smiles and tears life's difficult rocky height,

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

And ever, where you passed, some garden
sprang,
Set by your slender hands with heart's-
delight :
White spirit, though now in lovelier fields you
walk,
Your high and human radiance lights us
here ;
These willows by the blue Canadian stream
Shall keep your memory dear.

ON SPLENDID PINIONS

Wonderful wind-swept sky
Where the torch of sunset flares,
Where banners of cloud sweep by
And the bugle of storm out-blares,—

Rapture of rose-bright flame,
Guerdon of colour and sound,
Vision beyond a name
From the fields that have no bound,—

Would that the heart might sweep
On your splendid pinions far
To the place where joy is deep
As here men's sorrows are !

ONE STAR

One bright star in the quiet sky
Over the forest gleams;
So for your comfort, Dear, would I
Shine in your lonely dreams.

THE SPELL OF THE FOREST

Not like the calm of the broad and placid
meadows

With their child-heart daisies laughing in the
sun,

Is the passionate peace of the dear mysterious
forest

Where life and dream are one.

Hour after hour in its depths we are fain to
linger,

Filled with its fulness, hushed in its amber
gloom,

Breathing the breath of the wind that among
its branches

Murmurs of bud and bloom.

THE SPELL OF THE FOREST

Far from the haunts of man, and the weary,
clamour
Of folk that for ever toil without content,
There let us rest and rejoice in the fragrant
shadow
Under the fir-tree's tent.

THE LARGER CLAIM

Love's breath is life undying ; scorn, my heart,
Passion that claims alone the earthly part ;
Look upward, onward ; see how Love's domain
Unbounded is, nor set on any chart.

Shall love of this green whirling globe be less
Because a larger fealty we confess ?
Nay, yet more dear each field and forest grows,
Each daily joy has added power to bless.

This land is yours ; claim, too, that country
that
To which all aspiration turns at last,
Across whose boundaries so many feet
That walked a little while with ours have
passed.

SPHERE OF WONDER

Sphere of wonder, swinging grandly,
Lit with myriad lights agleam,
Swayed to music, Love-begotten,
Strange earth, green earth, roofed with
dream ;

Swift the marvel of thy sweeping
So through star-deep fields of space,
Great-winged angels of creation
Leading on from place to place.

Sphere of colour, shifting, changing,
Green and ruby, gold and blue,
One of God's own jewels, turning
On an orbit He keeps true,—

SPHERE OF WONDER

Little world among so many,
How, despite your graves and tears,
We your puzzled children love you,
Singing, swinging down the years !

THE WIND OF LIFE

The wind calls, the wind calls, from far-off
fairy meadows

Where children's feet go lightly all day
long;

Would I might catch those fine aerial measures
And read that wonder-song.

Low drifts of love-words sweet as garden-
closes,

Great shouts of youth that wins in mighty
strife,

Kindness, rejoicing, all we love and long for,
Are in that song of life.

THE WIND OF LIFE

The rich wind, the sweet wind, from some
dear region blowing
Where all is well, and death is overthrown,—
How we lift up our hearts to learn its meaning
And hold it for our own !

THE HOUSE AMONG THE FIRS

A low gray house is set among the firs,
And softly night and winter wall it round;
Among its garden-ways no creature stirs,
And from its frozen meadows breathes no sound.

But ah, within those quiet walls what light!
Lamps globed like mimic moons, and fire-light's glow,
And eyes of childhood still with wonder bright
Above some fairy record bending low.

The mother gazes on the fire and builds
Dream's mighty architecture,— Love knows
how,—

THE HOUSE AMONG THE FIRS

And one beside her thinks how firelight gilds
Her hair, and shows the splendour of her
brow.

Keep watch about it, Kindly Powers, and let
No evil thing draw nigh that dear abode, —
The low gray house of quiet; safely set
Among its firs beyond the winding road.

THE GOOD DAYS

Oh do you mind the old days, when life was in
its Spring,

When every hour had promise, and hope was
strong of wing,—

The drifting on the river, the singing on the
shore,

In the good days, the old days, the days that are
no more?

The sunrise lights have faded and hearts grown
grave since then,

And we have worked and wearied in a world of
busy men,

THE GOOD DAYS

Yet still the magic lingers that wakes the smile
and sigh

For the good days, the glad days, the days that
have gone by.

So let us live that these days, in looking back,
may prove

As rich with happy memories, as bright with
constant love,—

That we may call them also, when our heads
are white like snow,

“The good days, the dear days, the days of
long ago!”

THE FIELDS OF PEACE

Oh, to be out in the wild sweet starry spaces
Under the open sky,
Your hand in mine, and the soft wind in our
faces,
To watch the hours go by ;

There to be glad as children are glad together,
Crowned with a dream of peace,
Holding the round world leashed in a golden
tether
Waiting a word's release !

LOVE'S MESSENGER

Take him, oh wind, a dream !
Bid far the city's tumult fade and cease ;
Ah lead him softly where the poplars gleam,
And wrap his soul in peace.

Take him, oh wind, this word,
And he shall rise and know the outstretched
hand,
And follow swiftly as the homing bird
To this dear forest-land.

VIA AMORIS

Up the hill in the faery weather,
Over the hill and into the wood,
You and I and our dream together
Went, and the way was good.

Oh, but our hearts were light with loving,
Fair around us the wide world spread,
Life before us was ours for proving,
Doubt was conquered and dead.

Now we have known the wintry weather,
Loss and sorrow and bitter tears,—
You and I and our dream together,—
Still we out-brave the years;

VIA AMORIS

Still we whisper, the closer leaning,
“Golden sunlight or skies of gray,
Wild white storm or the sweet woods
greening,—
Love shall show us the way!”

GRAY DAYS

By the lonely river
Spring has lost her way,
All the willows shiver,
All the skies are gray.

Softly comes the gloaming,
Sighs our cedar-tree ;
Now the birds are homing, —
Thou art far from me.

Here last year together
Found we love supreme :
Now 'tis gray, gray weather,
By the sobbing stream.

THE YELLOW ROSE

A yellow rose my true love brought
With Summer in its petals caught ;
I look thereon and read his thought.

Wishes and fancies half-untold,
Dear dreams and longings manifold,
Are nestled in its heart of gold.

His love is flower, and altar-flame,
And magic star without a name,
And life is gladness, — since he came.

Oh, yellow rose, my yellow rose,
Swiftly his whispered word disclose
That in your golden bosom glows !

DOVE-GRAY

Gray the day, but such a grayness,—
Blue-gray, dove-gray, full of peace;
Hushed with Spring, the doubts of Winter
Sink and cease.

Gray my thoughts, but such a grayness,—
Blue-gray, dove-gray, full of rest,
Gathered in a holy quiet
To thy breast.

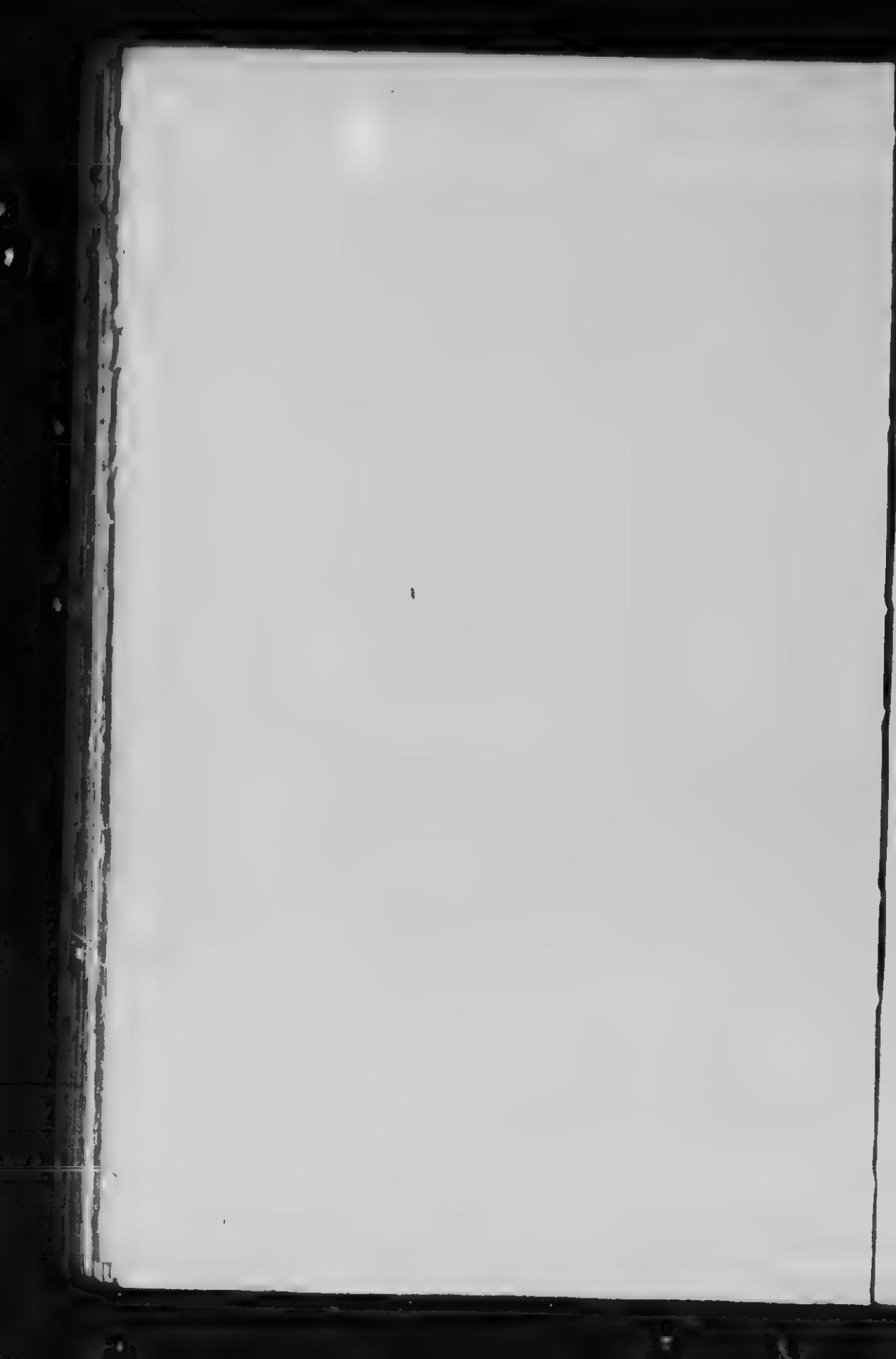
HOMING

My heart is like a homing bird,
That flies to thee, to thee,
Across the lonely leagues of earth,
Across the restless sea.

A wandering dove and all forspent
It beats against the pane ;
Oh open wide the casement, Dear,
And take it home again.

COMPANIONED

Your Thought went with me through
the street,
The noisy dark unhappy street ;
It whispered, — in my ears the sound
Shut out the sound of hurrying feet ;
It held me like a kind close arm,
It went before me like a light,
And rich and warm and wonderful
Grew all the lonely night !



PART II.



AVE

All the little birds are singing
Just to greet so dear a child,
Tiny bells of Elfland ringing,
Wind-songs waking sweet and wild ;
Pale sweet blooms in shadowy places,
Flags unfurled from every bough,
Baby ferns with crumpled faces, —
None so sweet as thou !

NESTS

What was wrong, my Sweet, my Elfing;
(Hush while mother croons)

Would he be a baby robin
Learning birdland runes?

Ah, the wind-songs wake the robins,—
Thou, my bird, shalt rest,

Watched and sung to, loved and guarded
In thy own white nest.

Would he be a gentle wee lamb,
Following the sheep

Through the spruce and blueberry bushes
Down the pastured steep?

Ah, the darksome hours would fright thee,
Dews make cold thy bed;

N E S T S

On a warmer, softer pillow
Rest that downy head.

Would he be a pale May-blossom
Under leafy shade,
Sung to by the woodland voices,
Listening half-afraid ?
Tiny feet would scamper by thee,
Branches strangely mourn ;
You would droop and fade, my May-flower,
Lonely and forlorn.

Little Bird and Lamb and Flower,
Each and all thou art, —
Field and nest and shadowed forest
Found in mother's heart ;
True love's eyes bend low above thee
Those first smiles to greet,
True love's arms are thine for shelter ;
Rest thee, oh, my Sweet.

SECRETS

Coo and croon thy story
Close to mother's ear,
Murmur all the secrets
Wise men long to hear.

I will tell you, Dearie,
What the woods have told ;
Where the first fair adder's-tongue
Lifts its speckled gold ;

Where the wee white violet
Through the last year's leaves
Smiles in baby wonder
When the sad wind grieves.

SECRETS

Now, my dear, my wise one,
Teach me how to win
That enchanted island
Far from toil and din,

Where there bloom forever,
Fadeless and secure,
Loves that cannot perish,
Friendships that endure.

Oh, my dear, my wise one,
Crooning like a dove,
Still our greatest secret
Is always — Love — and Love.

DREAMLAND

Angel of Dreamland,
Come for my sweet ;
Show him the country
Where parted ones meet ;

The willows of slumber
With tassels of gold,
The white baby poppies
Like lambs in the fold ;

The river of Dreamland
That sings in its sleep
A song for my dearie
To learn and to keep ;

DREAMLAND

The bonnie wee palace
That's built for our home
When into the regions
Of wonder we come.

Angel of Dreamland,
Come for my sweet ;
Show him the country
Where parted ones meet.

JOURNEYS

So wide is the world, and so many its wonders,
We would be voyagers, Baby and I ;
Where shall we go in the Hushaby boat, dear,
To what fairy country our fortunes to try ?

Shall we go' to that island far down the blue
river
Where once the white tents made a city of
dream,
Where hearts now far-severed were glad all
together,
With sunrise and sunset, with woodland and
stream ?

JOURNEYS

Shall we go to the forest, moonlighted, enchanted,

Where Ash-Pet and Rushy-Coat, happy at last,

Come wandering by with their brave bonnie princes,

And white-bearded gnomes from their castles march past?

Shall we seek for the fair storied land of adventure

Where good Sir Bors wanders, and brave Galahad,

Where the lily-white maid guards her shield in the tower,

And tourney and joust make Camelot glad?

Come then on the journey, with mother for pilot,

JOURNEYS

My sweet one, my small one; not long is the
way;

Close, close those dear eyes that are weary with
wonder,—

Our boat's at the mooring in Slumberland
Bay.

WAKING

White lambkin, white lambkin, come up from
the fold

To the dear daylight meadows all spangled with
gold ;

The blue laughing river sings low for thy sake,
The robins call softly ; — white lambkin,
awake !

WHITENESS

Dear white bird, into Sleepland fly ;
Sunset fades in the tender sky ;
Fair is day, but the gloaming's best,
And laughter is sweet, but sweeter rest,
 Dear white bird !

Dear white rose, in your garden set
With lad's-love bushes and mignonette,
Bend in slumber that tiny head ;
Night's best blessings are on you shed,
 Dear white rose !

Dear white heart, while you softly sleep
Watch may angels around you keep ;
Happy visions at set of sun
Come in dreams to my lovely one,
 Dear white heart !

THE GARDEN

A fairy lamb as white as snow
Through all your dreams shall come and go,
And you shall follow where he leads
Through dusk-deep woods and blossomy meads,
To where a little garden stands
Laid out for you by fairy hands,
Set round with red-clad tamarack —
Four walls to keep the great world back —
With lovely avenues whose shade
By spruce and eglantine is made,
With o'er-leaf ferns in shady spots
And shoals of blue forget-me-nots,
With rows of crimson hollyhocks,
And columbine, and spicy stocks,
And other, fairer blossoms, known

THE GARDEN

To folk of childlike heart alone ; —
The yellow lily, whose romance
Grew not on any field of France,
One white, ethereal immortelle
From those lost woods we loved so well,
And that Blue Rose whose petals gleam
So richly by the paths of dream.
Oh, Baby, let your wee hands keep
Some flowers, when you come back from sleep !

GOOD NIGHT

Now I have sung thee to sleep,
Wonderful treasure of mine ;
May the Great Shepherd keep
Thee close in the care divine ;
Under the eyes of love
Perfect and pure and deep
I lay thee, my lamb, my dove,
Safe through the dark to sleep.

FAIRY FAVOURS

The moon looked in at Hilary
And loved her gentle face ;
It dowered her with mystery
Of moonlight grace.

The trees looked in at Hilary
And heard her plaintive voice ;
They whispered : “ Little Heart of Dream,
Thou shalt rejoice.”

The golden stars brought Hilary
Report of lands unknown,
The fairy people welcomed her
As half their own.

FAIRY FAVOURS

Oh, little daughter, Hilary,
We too our offering make,
Such love as watches day and night
For thy dear sake.

GUARDED

Sleep, my lamb, my dearie ;
All the birds are sleeping ;
Through the dusky chamber
Baby dreams come creeping.

Sleep, my star, my flower,
Mother rests beside thee,
Love keeps watch above us, —
How can harm betide thee ?

VOICES

What do the little leaves say to my daughter?
Beautiful, wonderful words,
Stories and stories the dryads have taught them,
Songs they have learned from the birds.

What do the Summer winds say to my daughter?
Legends of ages ago,
Lullabies sung in the days of the Pharaohs,
Secrets the pyramids know.

What does the drowsy dusk say to my daughter?
"Sleep, sweetly sleep, all night through;
Stars glimmer softly like kind eyes to watch you,
Out of the shadowy blue."

IN HILARY'S HOUSE

In Hilary's house the walls are green,—
Her house of tree and vine;
Through all the garden-world is seen
Its roof of quaint design.

The floor of Hilary's house is strewn
With shifting sun and shade,
The winds about her casement croon
A fairy serenade.

Oh Autumn, Autumn, come not thou
To Hilary's house at all;
Let Summer linger sweet as now,
And leaves forget to fall!

